Collated & Perfect. J.B.K. 1797.

AN

OLD MAN TAUGHT WISDOM:

OR, THE

VIRGIN UNMASK'D,

A

FARCE.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;

With the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. WATTS, at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*.

MDCCXLII. Price One Shilling.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

Goodwill,	*Mr.* Shepard.
Lucy, *his Daughter*,	*Mrs.* Clive.
Bliſter, *an Apothecary*,	*Mr.* Harper.
Coupee, *a Dancing-Maſter*,	*Mr.* Laguerre.
Quaver, *a Singing-Maſter*,	*Mr.* Salway.
Wormwood, *a Lawyer*,	*Mr.* Macklin.
Mr. Thomas, *a Footman*,	*Mr.* Eſte.

SCENE, *A Hall in* Goodwill's *Houſe in the Country.*

AN OLD MAN TAUGHT WISDOM.

SCENE,

A HALL *in Mr.* GOODWILL's *House.*

GOODWILL *ſolus.*

WELL! it is to me ſurpriſing, that out of the Multitudes who feel a Pleaſure in getting an Eſtate, few or none ſhou'd taſte a Satisfaction in beſtowing it. Doubtleſs, a good Man muſt have vaſt Delight in rewarding Merit, nor will I believe it ſo difficult to be found. I am at preſent, I thank Heaven, and my own Induſtry, worth a good 10000 *l.* and an only Daughter, both which I have determin'd to give to the moſt

moſt worthy of my poor Relations. The Tranſport I feel from the Hope of making ſome honeſt Man happy, makes me amends for the many weary Days and ſleepleſs Nights my Riches have coſt me. I have ſent to ſummon 'em. The Girl I have bred up under my own Eye; ſhe has ſeen nothing, knows nothing, and has conſequently no Will but mine. I have no Reaſon to doubt her Conſent to whatever Choice I ſhall make.——How happily muſt my Old Age ſlide away, between the Affection of an innocent and dutiful Child, and the grateful Return I may expect from a ſo much obliged Son-in-Law! I am certainly the happieſt Man on Earth. Here ſhe comes.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Did you ſend for me, Papa?

Good. Yes, come hither, Child. I have ſent for you to mention an Affair to you, which you, I believe, have not yet thought of.

Lucy. I hope it is not to ſend me to a Boarding-School, Papa.

Good. I hope my Indulgence to you has been ſuch, that you have Reaſon to regard me as the beſt of Fathers. I am ſure I have never deny'd you any thing, but for your own Good: Indeed I have conſulted nothing elſe. It is that for which I have been toiling theſe many Years; for which I have deny'd myſelf every Comfort in Life; and from which I have, from renting a Farm of 500 a Year, amaſſed the Sum of 10000 *l.*

Lucy. I am afraid you are angry with me, Papa.

Good. Be not frighten'd, my dear Child, you have done nothing to offend me. But anſwer me one Queſtion—What does my little Dear think of a Husband?

Lucy. A Husband, Papa! Ola!

Good.

Good. Come, it is a Queſtion a Girl in her Sixteenth Year may anſwer. Shou'd you like to have a Husband *Lucy?*

Lucy. And am I to have a Coach?

Good. No, no: What has that to do with a Husband?

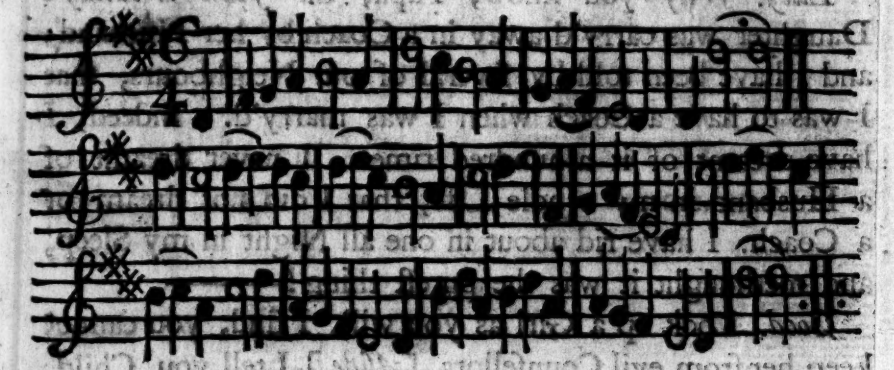
Lucy. Why you know, Papa, Sir *John Wealthy*'s Daughter was carry'd away in a Coach by her Husband; and I have been told by ſeveral of our Neighbours, that I was to have a Coach when I was marry'd. Indeed, I have dreamt of it a hundred times. I never dreamt of a Husband in my whole Life, that I did not dream of a Coach. I have rid about in one all Night in my Sleep, and methought it was the pureſt thing!———

Good. Lock up a Girl as you will, I find, you cannot keep her from evil Counſellors. [*Aſide.*] I tell you, Child, you muſt have no Coach with a Husband.

Lucy. Then let me have a Coach without a Husband.

Good. What, had you rather have a Coach than a Husband?

Lucy. Hum——I don't know that——But, if you'll get me a Coach, let me alone, I'll warrant I'll get me a Husband.

AIR I. *THOMAS,* I CANNOT.

Do you, Papa, but find a Coach,
And leave the other to me, Sir;
For that will make the Lover approach,
And I warrant we ſhan't diſagree, Sir.
No Sparks will talk
To Girls that walk,
I've heard it, and I confide in't:
Do you then fix
My Coach and Six,
I warrant I get one to ride in't, to ride in't,
I warrant, &c.

Good. The Girl is out of her Wits, ſure. Huſſy! who put theſe Thoughts into your Head? You ſhall have a good ſober Husband, that will teach you better things.

Lucy. Ay, but I won't tho', if I can help it; for Miſs *Jenny Flant-it* ſays, a ſober Husband is the worſt ſort of Husband in the World.

Good.

Good. I have a mind to ſound the Girl's Inclinations. Come hither, *Lucy*; tell me now, of all the Men you ever ſaw, whom ſhou'd you like beſt for a Husband?

Lucy. O fy, Papa, I muſt not tell.

Good. Yes, you may your Father.

Lucy. No, Miſs *Jenny* ſays I muſt not tell my Mind to any Man whatever. She never tells a Word of Truth to her Father.

Good. Miſs *Jenny* is a wicked Girl, and you muſt not regard her. Come, tell me the Truth, or I ſhall be angry.

Lucy. Why then, of all the Men I ever ſaw in my whole Life-time, I like Mr. *Thomas*, my Lord *Bounce*'s Footman the beſt, a hundred thouſand times.

Good. Oh, fy upon you! like a Footman?

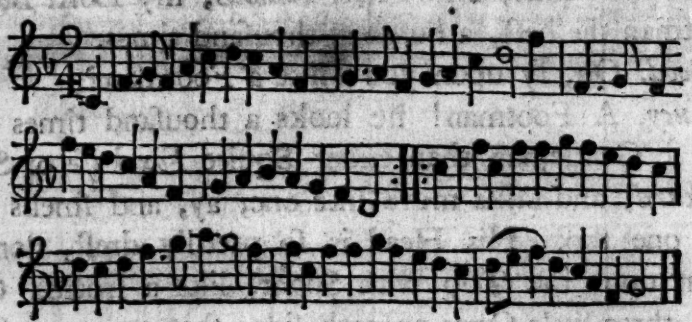
Lucy. A Footman! he looks a thouſand times more like a Gentleman than either Squire *Foxchaſe* or Squire *Tankard*, and talks more like one, ay, and ſmells more like one too. His Head is ſo prettily dreſt, done all down upon the Top with Sugar, like a froſted Cake, with three little Curls on each ſide, that you may ſee his Ears as plain! and then, his Hair is done up behind juſt like a fine Lady's, with a little little Hat, and a Pair of charming white Stockings, as neat and as fine as any white-legg'd Fowl; and he always carries a great ſwinging Stick in his Hand, as big as himſelf, that he wou'd knock any Dog down with, who was to offer to bite me. A Footman indeed! why Miſs *Jenny* likes him as well as I do, and ſhe ſays, all the fine young Gentlemen that the Ladies in *London* are ſo fond of, are juſt ſuch Perſons as he is.——Icod, I ſhou'd have had him before now, but that Folks told me I ſhou'd have a Man with a Coach, and that methinks I had rather have, a great deal.

Good. I am amaz'd! But I abhor the mercenary Temper in the Girl, worſe than all.—What, Child, wou'd you have any one with a Coach? Wou'd you have Mr. *Achum?*

Lucy. Yes indeed, wou'd I, for a Coach.

Good. Why, he is a Cripple, and can ſcarce walk acroſs the Room.

Lucy. What ſignifies that?

AIR II. *WULLY* HONEY.

When he in a Coach can be carry'd,
What need has a Man to go?
That Women for Coaches are marry'd,
I'm not ſuch a Child but I know.
But if the poor crippled Elf
In Coach be not able to roam,
Why then I can go by myſelf,
And he may e'en ſtay at home.

Enter Bliſter.

Bliſt. Mr. *Goodwill*, your humble Servant. I have rid twelve long Miles in little more than an Hour. I am glad to ſee you ſo well; I was afraid by your Meſſage —

Good.

Good. That I had wanted your Advice, I ſuppoſe; truly, Coz, I ſent for you on a better Account. —— *Lucy*, this is a Relation of yours, you have not ſeen a great while, my Couſin *Bliſter*, the Apothecary.

Lucy. O la! I hope that great huge Man is not to be my Husband.

Bliſt. My Couſin is well grown, and looks healthy. What Apothecary do you employ? He deals in good Drugs, I warrant him.

Good. Plain wholeſome Food and Exerciſe are what ſhe deals in.

Bliſt. Plain wholeſome Food is very proper at ſome time of the Year, with gentle Phyſick between whiles.

Good. Leave us a little, my dear *Lucy*, I muſt talk with your Couſin. —— —— —— —— —— —— ——

Lucy. Yes, Papa, with all my Heart —— —— I hope I ſhall never ſee that great Thing again. [*Exit.*

Good. I believe you begin to wonder at my Meſſage, and will perhaps more, when you know the Occaſion of it. In ſhort, without more Preface, I begin to find myſelf going out of the World, and my Daughter very eager to come into it. I have therefore reſolv'd to ſee her ſettled without farther Delay. I am far from thinking vaſt Wealth neceſſary to Happineſs: Wherefore, as I can give her a ſufficient Competency, I have determined to marry her to one of my own Relations. It will pleaſe me, that the Fruits of my Labour ſhould not go out of the Family. I have ſent to ſeveral of my Kinſmen, of whom ſhe ſhall take her Choice; and as you are the firſt here, if you like my Propoſal, you ſhall make the firſt Application.

Bliſt. With all my Heart, Couſin; and I am very much oblig'd to you. Your Daughter ſeems an agreeable young Woman, and I have no Averſion to Marriage. But pray, why do you think yourſelf going out of the World?

World? Proper Care might continue you in it a conſiderable while. Let me feel your Pulſe.

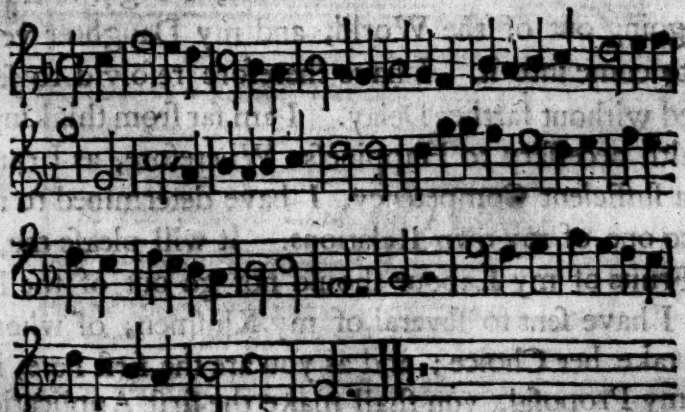
Good. To oblige you; tho' I am in very good Health.

Bliſt. A little feveriſh. ——— I wou'd adviſe you to loſe a little Blood, and take an Emulſion, with a gentle Emetick and Cathartick.

Good. No, no, I will ſend my Daughter to you; but pray keep your Phyſick to your ſelf, dear Couſin. [*Exit.*

Bliſt. This Man is near Seventy, and, I have heard, never took any Phyſick in his Life, and yet he looks as well as if he had been under the Doctor's Hands all his Life-time. 'Tis ſtrange; but if I marry his Daughter, the ſooner he dies, the better. It is an odd Whim of his to marry her in this manner; but he is very rich, and ſo, ſo much the better. ——— What a ſtrange Dowdy 'tis! No matter, her Fortune is never the worſe.

AIR III. ROUND, ROUND THE MILL.



In Women we Beauty or Wit may admire;
Sing Trol, lerol.
But ſure as we have them, as ſurely they'll tire;
Oh ho, will they ſo?

Abroad

Abroad for theſe Dainties the Wiſe therefore roam,
Sing Trol lerol.
And frugally keep but a plain Diſh at home;
Oh ho, do they ſo?

Who marries a Beauty, muſt wait her when old;
Sing Trol lerol.
But the older it grows, the more precious the Gold.
Oh ho, is it ſo?

Enter Lucy.

Oh, here comes my Miſtreſs: What a Pox ſhall I ſay to her? I never made Love in my Life.

Lucy. Papa has ſent me hither; but if it was not for fear of a Boarding-School, I am ſure I wou'd not have come; but they ſay I ſhall be whipt there, and a Husband can't whip me, let me do what I will; that's one good thing.

Bliſt. Won't you pleaſe to ſit down, Couſin?

Lucy. Yes, thank you, Sir. ——— Since I muſt ſtay with you, I may as well ſit down as not. [*Aſide.*

Bliſt. Pray, Couſin, how do you find yourſelf?

Lucy. Find myſelf?

Bliſt. Yes, how do you do? Let me feel your Pulſe. How do you ſleep o' Nights?

Lucy. How? why upon my Back, generally.

Bliſt. But I mean, do you ſleep without interruption? are you not reſtleſs?

Lucy. I tumble and toſs a good deal ſometimes.

Bliſt. Hum! Pray how long do you uſually ſleep?

Lucy. About ten or eleven Hours.

Bliſt. Is your Stomach good? Do you eat with an Appetite? How often do you find in a Day any Inclination to eat?

Lucy.

Lucy. Why, a good many times; but I don't eat a great deal, unleſs it be at Breakfaſt, Dinner, and Supper, and Afternoon's Nunchion.

Bliſt. Hum! I find you have at preſent no abſolute need of an Apothecary.

Lucy. I am glad to hear that, I wiſh he was gone with all my Heart.

Bliſt. I ſuppoſe, Couſin, your Father has mentioned to you the Affair I am come upon; may I hope you will comply with him, in making me the happieſt Man upon Earth?

Lucy. You need not ask me, you know I muſt do what he bids me.

Bliſt. May I then hope you will make me your Husband?

Lucy. I muſt do what he'll have me.

Bliſt. What makes you cry, Miſs? Pray tell me what is the matter.

Lucy. No, you will be angry with me, if I tell you.

Bliſt. I angry! at is not in my Power, I can't be angry with you; I am to be afraid of your Anger, not you of mine; I muſt not be angry with you, whatever you do.

Lucy. What, muſt not you be angry, let me do what I will?

Bliſt. No, my Dear.

Lucy. Why then, by Goles! I will tell you——I hate you, and I can't abide you.

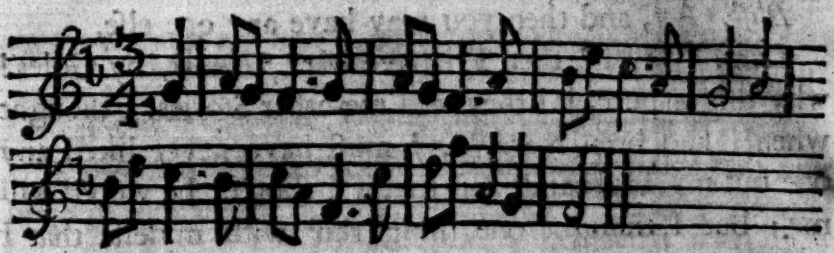
Bliſt. What have I done to deſerve your Hate?

Lucy. You have done nothing; but you are ſuch a great ugly thing, I can't bear to look at you; and if my Papa was to lock me up for a Twelvemonth, I ſhould hate you ſtill.

Bliſt. Did not you tell me juſt now, you wou'd make me your Husband?

Lucy. Yes, ſo I will for all that.

AIR

AIR IV. NOW PONDER WELL, *&c.*

Ah, be not angry, good dear Sir,
Nor do not tell Papa;
For tho' I can't abide you, Sir,
I'll marry you——O la!

Bliſt. Well, my Dear, if you can't abide me, I can't help that, nor you can can't help it; and if you will not tell your Father, I aſſure you I will not; beſides, my Dear, as for liking me, do not give yourſelf any Trouble about that, it is the very beſt Reaſon for marrying me; no Lady now marries any one but whom ſhe hates; hating one another is the chief End of Matrimony. It is what moſt Couples do before they are marry'd, and all after it. I fanſy you have not a right Notion of a marry'd Life. I ſuppoſe you imagine we are to be fond, and kiſs, and hug one another as long as we live.

Lucy. Why, an't we?

Bliſt. Ha, ha, ha! an't we! no! How ignorant it is! [*Aſide.*] Marrying is nothing but living in the ſame Houſe together, and going by the ſame Name; while I am following my Buſineſs, you will be following your Pleaſure; ſo that we ſhall rarely meet but at Meals, and then we are to ſit at oppoſite Ends of the Table, and make Faces at each other.

Lucy. I ſhall like that prodigiouſly—Ah, but there is one thing tho'——an't we to lie together?

Bliſt. A Fortnight, no longer.

Lucy. A Fortnight! that's a long time: but it will be over.

Bliſt. Ay, and then you may have any one elſe.

Lucy. May I? then I'll have Mr. *Thomas*, by Goles! why this is pure, la! they told me other Stories. I thought when I had been marry'd, I muſt have never liked any one but my Husband, and that if I ſhou'd, he wou'd kill me; but I thought one thing tho' with myſelf, that I cou'd like another Man without letting him know it, and then a Fig for him.

Bliſt. Ay, ay, they tell Children ſtrange Stories; I warrant they have told you, you muſt be govern'd by your Husband.

Lucy. My Papa tells me ſo.

Bliſt. But all the married Women in *England* will tell you another Story.

Lucy. So they have already, for they ſay I muſt not be govern'd by a Husband; and they ſay another thing too, that you will tell me one Story before Marriage, and another afterwards, for that Marriage alters a Man prodigiouſly.

Bliſt. No, Child, I ſhall be juſt the ſame Creature I am now, unleſs in one Circumſtance; I ſhall have a huge Pair of Horns upon my Head.

Lucy Shall you! that's pure, ha, ha, what a comical Figure you will make! but how will you make 'em grow?

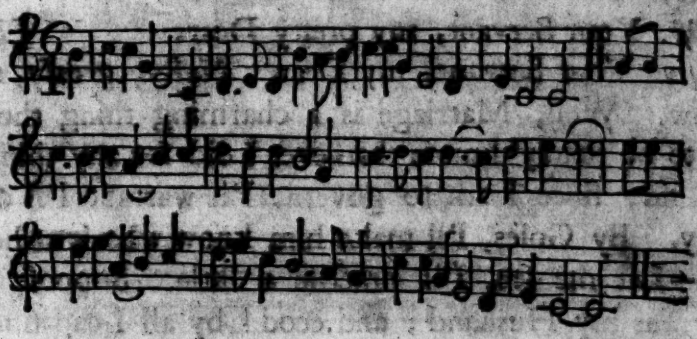
Bliſt. It is you that will make 'em grow.

Lucy. Shall I? by Goles! then I'll do't as ſoon as ever I can; for I long to ſee 'em! do, tell me how I ſhall do it.

Bliſt. Every other Man you kiſs, I ſhall have a Pair of Horns grow.

Lucy.

Lucy. By Goles, then, you ſhall have Horns enough; but I fanſy you are joaking now.

AIR V. BUFF-COAT.

Ah Sir! I gueſs
You are a fibbing Creature.
Bliſt. *Becauſe, dear Miſs,*
You know not Human Nature.
Lucy. *Marry'd Men, I'll be ſworn,*
I have ſeen without Horn.
Bliſt. *Ah Child! you want Art to unlock it:*
The Secret here lies,
Men now are ſo wiſe,
To carry their Horns in their Pocket.

Lucy. But you ſhall wear yours on your Head, for I ſhall like 'em better than any other thing about you.

Bliſt. Well then, Miſs, I may depend upon you.

Lucy. And may I depend upon you?

Bliſt. Yes, my Dear.

Lucy. Ah, but don't call me ſo; I hate you ſhould call me ſo.

Bliſt. Oh Child, all marry'd People call one another *My Dear*, let 'em hate one another as much as they will.

Lucy. Do they? Well then, my Dear——Hum, I think there is not any great Matter in the Word, neither.

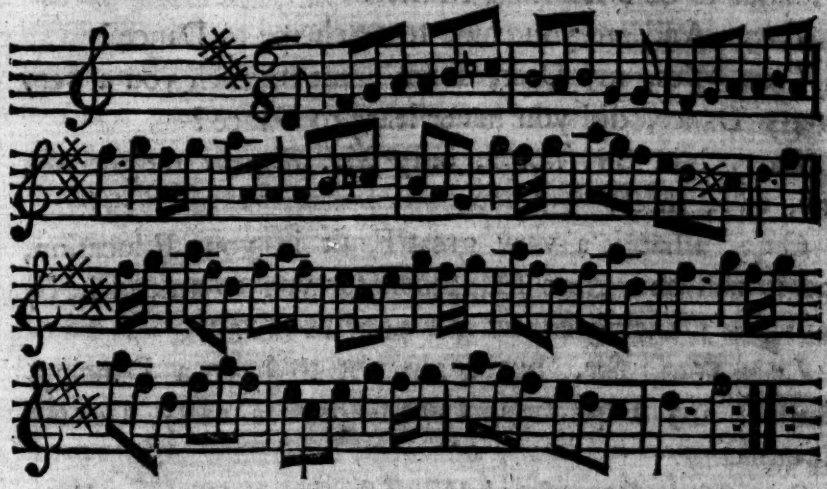
Bliſt. Why, amongſt your fine Gentry, there is ſcarce any Meaning in any thing they ſay. Well, I'll go to your Papa, and tell him we have agreed upon Matters, and have the Wedding inſtantly.

Lucy. The ſooner the better.

Bliſt. Your Servant, my pretty Dear. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Your Servant, my Dear. Naſty, greaſy, ugly Fellow. Well, Marriage is a charming thing tho', I long to be marry'd more than ever I did for any thing in my Life; ſince I am to govern, I'll warrant I'll do it purely. By Goles, I'll make him know who is at home ——Let me ſee, I'll practiſe a little. Suppoſe that Chair was my Huſband; and ecod! by all I can find, a Chair is as proper for a Husband as any thing elſe; now ſays my Husband to me, *How do you do, my Dear?* Lard! my Dear, I don't know how I do! not the better for you; *Pray, my Dear, let us Dine early to-day.* Indeed, my Dear, I can't.—— *Do you intend to go abroad to-day?* No, my Dear! *Then you will ſtay at home:* No, my Dear. *Shall we ride out?* No, my Dear. *Shall we go a Viſiting?* No, my Dear.—— I will never do any thing I am bid, that I am reſolv'd; and then Mr. *Thomas*, O good! I am out of my Wits.

AIR

AIR VI. *BESSY BELL.*

La! what ſwinging Lyes ſome People will tell!
I thought when another I'd wedded,
I muſt have bid poor Mr. Thomas *farewell,*
And none but my Husband have bedded.
But I find I'm deceiv'd, for as Michaelmas *Day*
Is ſtill the Fore-runner of Lammas,
So Wedding another is but the right way
To come at my dear Mr. Thomas.

Enter Coupee.

Heyday! what fine Gentleman is this?

Coup. Couſin, your moſt obedient, and devoted humble Servant.

Lucy. I find this is one of your fine Gentry, by his not having any Meaning in his Words.

Coup. I have not the Honour to be known to you, Couſin; but your Father has been ſo kind to give me Admiſſion to your fair Hands.

Lucy.

Lucy. O Gemini Cancer! What a fine charming Man this is?

Coup. My Name, Madam, is *Coupee*, and I have the Honour to be a Dancing-Maſter.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to Dance?

Coup. Yes, my Dear, I am come to teach you a very pretty Dance, did you never learn to Dance?

Lucy. No, Sir, not I, only Mr. *Thomas* taught me, one, two, three.

Coup. That is a very great Fault in your Education, and it will be a great Happineſs for you to amend it, by having a Dancing-Maſter for your Husband.

Lucy. Yes, Sir, but I am not to have a Dancing-Maſter; my Papa ſays, I am to have a naſty ſtinking Apothecary.

Coup. Your Papa ſays! What ſignifies what your Papa ſays?

Lucy. What, muſt I not mind what my Papa ſays?

Coup. No, no, you are to follow your own Inclinations. I think if ſhe has any Eyes, I may venture to truſt 'em. [*Aſide.*] Your Father is a very comical queer old Fellow, a very odd kind of a ſilly Fellow, and you ought to laugh at him. I ask Pardon tho' for my Freedom.

Lucy. You need not ask my Pardon, for I am not at all angry; for between you and I, I think him as odd, queer a Fellow, as you can do for your Life. I hope you won't tell him what I ſay.

Coup. I tell him! I hate him for his barbarous Uſage of you; to lock up a young Lady of Beauty, Wit and Spirit, without ever ſuffering her to learn to Dance! Why, Madam, not learning to Dance, is abſolute Ruin to a young Lady. I ſuppoſe he took care enough you ſhou'd learn to read.

Lucy. Yes, I can read very well, and ſpell too.

Coup.

Coup. Ay, there it is; why now, that's more than I can do. All Parents take care to inſtruct their Children in low mechanical things, while the genteel Sciences are neglected. Forgive me, Madam, at leaſt, if I throw my ſelf at your Feet, and vow never to riſe till lifted up with the elevating Fire of your Smiles.

Lucy. Lard Sir! I don't know what to ſay to theſe fine things —— he's a pure Man. [*Aſide.*

Coup. Might I hope to obtain the leaſt Spark of your Love, the leaſt Spark, Madam, would blow up a Flame in me, that nothing ever cou'd quench. O hide thoſe lovely Eyes, nor dart their fiery Rays upon me, leſt I am conſumed.———Shall I hope you will think of me?

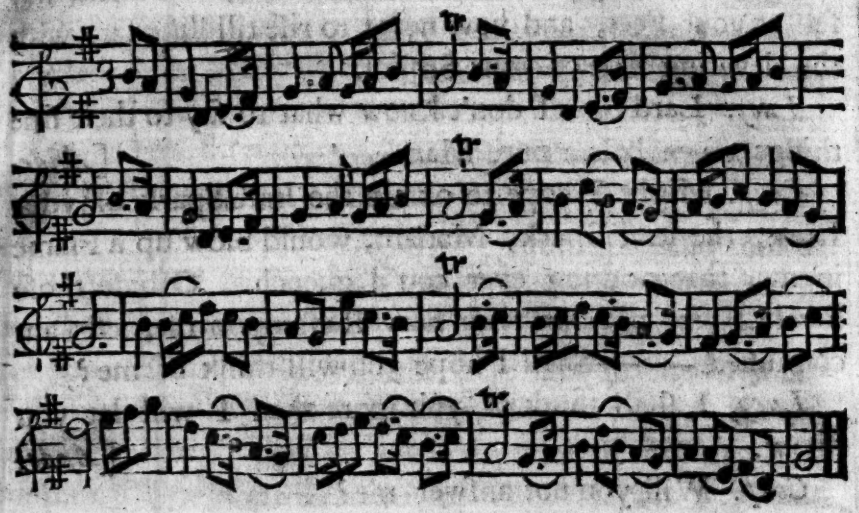
Lucy. I ſhall think of you more than I will let you know. [*Aſide.*

Coup. Will you not anſwer me?

Lucy. La! you make me bluſh ſo, I know not what to ſay.

Coup. Ay, that is from not having learnt to Dance, a Dancing-Maſter would have cur'd her of that. Let me teach you what to ſay, that I may hope you will condeſcend to make me your Husband.

Lucy. No, I won't ſay that, but——

AIR VII. *TWEED SIDE.*

O preſs me not, Sir, to be Wife
To a Man whom I never can hate;
So ſweet a fine Gentleman's Life,
Shou'd never be ſour'd with that Fate.

But ſoon as I marry'd have been,
Ungrateful I will not be nam'd;
Oh ſtay but a Fortnight, and then,
And then you ſhall——Oh, I'm aſham'd.

Coup. A Fortnight! bid me live to the Age of —— of—— Mr. What's-his-Name, the oldeſt Man that ever liv'd; live a Fortnight after you are marry'd! No, unleſs you reſolve to have me, I will reſolve to put an End to myſelf.

Lucy. O do not do that, but indeed I never can hate you, and the Apothecary ſays no Woman marries any Man ſhe does not hate.

Coup.

Coup. Ha, ha, ha! Such mean Fellows as thoſe every fine Lady muſt hate; but when they marry fine Gentlemen, they love them as long as they live.

Lucy. O but I would not have you think I love you. I aſſure you, I don't love you; I have been told I muſt not tell any Man I love him. I don't love you, indeed I don't.

Coup. But may I not hope you will?

Lucy. Lard, Sir, I can't help what you hope; it is equal to me what you hope. Miſs *Jenny* ſays, I muſt always give my ſelf Airs to a Man I like. [*Aſide.*

Coup. Hope, Madam, at leaſt, you may allow me; the cruelleſt of your Sex, the greateſt Tyrants deny not Hope.

Lucy. No, I won't give you the leaſt Crumb of Hope. — Hope indeed! what do you take me for? I'll aſſure you! No, I would not give you the leaſt Bit of Hope, tho' I was to ſee you die before my Face. It is a pure thing to give one's ſelf Airs. [*Aſide.*

Coup. Since nothing but my Death will content you, you ſhall be ſatisfy'd even at that Price. [*Pulls out his Kitt.*] Ha! curſed Fate! I have no other Inſtrument of Death about me than a Sword, which won't draw. But I have thought of a Way; within the Orchard, there is an Apple-tree; there, there, Madam! you ſhall ſee me hanging by the Neck.

There ſhall you ſee your Dancing-Maſter die,
As *Bateman* hang'd for Love—e'en ſo will I.

Lucy. O ſtay!——La! Sir, you're ſo haſty —— Muſt I tell you the firſt time I ſee you? Miſs *Jenny Flant-it* has been courted theſe two Years by half a Dozen Men, and no body knows which ſhe'll have yet, and muſt not I be courted at all? I will be courted, indeed ſo I will.

Coup. And ſo you ſhall, I will court you after we are marry'd.

Lucy. But will you indeed?

Coup. Yes indeed; but if I ſhould not, there are others enough that wou'd.

Lucy. But I did not think marry'd Women had ever been courted tho'.

Coup. That's all owing to your not learning to Dance! why there are abundance of Women who marry for no other Reaſon, as there are ſeveral Men who never court any but marry'd Women.

Lucy. Well then, I don't much care if I do marry you; but hold there is one thing —— but that does not much ſignify.

Coup. What is it, my Dear?

Lucy. Only I promis'd the Apothecary juſt now; that's all.

Coup. Well, ſhall I fly then, and put ev'ry thing in Readineſs?

Lucy. Ay, do, I'm ready.

Coup. One Kiſs before I go, my deareſt Angel, and now one, two, three and away. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Oh dear, ſweet Man! He's as handſome as an Angel, and as fine as a Lord. He is handſomer than Mr. *Thomas*, and icod! almoſt as well dreſt. I ſee now why my Father wou'd never let me learn to Dance. For, by Goles! if all Dancing-Maſters be ſuch fine Men as this, I wonder every Woman does not dance away with one. O la, now I think on't, he pull'd out his Fidling Thing, and I did not ask him to play a Tune upon't ——but when we are marry'd, I'll make him play upon't; i'cod, he ſhall teach me to dance too——he ſhall play, and I'll dance; that will be pure. O la! what's here? another Beau!

Enter

Enter Quaver.

Quav. Madam, your Servant. I ſuppoſe my Couſin *Goodwill* has told you of the Happineſs he deſigns me.

Lucy. No, Sir, my Papa has not told me any thing about you. Who are you, pray?

Quav. I have the Honour of being a diſtant Relation of yours, and I hope to be a nearer one. My Name is *Quaver*, Madam; I have the Honour to teach ſome of the firſt Quality to ſing.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to ſing?

Quav. I like her Deſire to learn to ſing, it is a Proof of an excellent underſtanding. [*Aſide.*] Yes, Madam, I will be proud to teach you any thing in my Power; and do believe I ſhall not yield to any one in the Science of Singing.

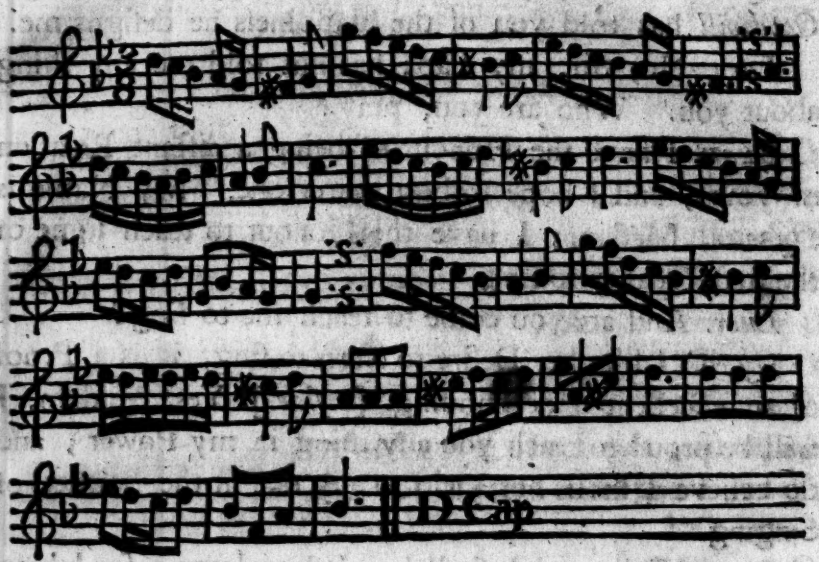
Lucy. Well, and I ſhall be glad to learn; for I have been told I have a tolerable Voice, only I don't know the Notes.

Quav. That, Madam, may be acquired, a Voice cannot. A Voice muſt be the Gift of Nature, and it is the greateſt Gift Nature can beſtow. All other Perfections, without a Voice, are nothing at all. Muſick is allow'd by all wiſe Men to be the nobleſt of the Sciences; whoever knows Muſick, knows every thing.

Lucy. Come then, begin to teach me, for I long to learn.

Quav. Hereafter I ſhall have time enough. But at preſent I have ſomething of a different Nature to ſay to you.

Lucy. What have you to ſay?

AIR VIII. *DIMI CARO.*

Deareſt Charmer!
Will you then bid me tell
What you diſcern ſo well,
By my expiring Sighs,
My doating Eyes,
My doating Eyes?
Look thro' th' inſtructive Grove,
Each Object prompts to Love;
See how the Turtles play,
Each Object prompts to Love;
All Nature tells you what I'd ſay.

Lucy. Oh charming! delightful!
Quav. May I hope you'll grant——
Lucy. Another Song, and I'll do any thing.
Quav. *Deareſt Creature,*
Pride of Nature!
All your Glances
Give me Trances,
Deareſt. &c.

Lucy.

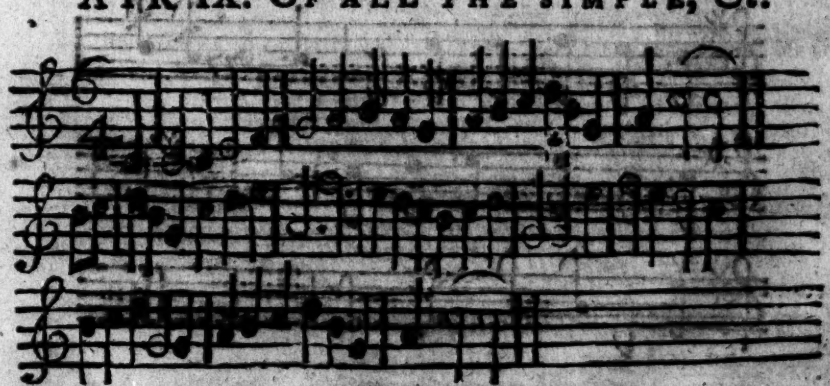
Lucy. Oh, I melt, I faint, I ſwoon, I die!
Quav. May I hope you'll be mine?
Lucy. Will you charm me ſo every Day?
Quav. And ev'ry Night too, my Angel.

Enter Coupee.

Coup. Heyday! what do I ſee? my Miſtreſs in another Man's Arms? Sir, will you do me the Favour to tell me what Buſineſs you have with that Lady?

Quav. Pray, Sir, be ſo good as to tell me what Buſineſs you have to ask.

Coup. Sir!
Quav. Sir!
Coup. Sir, this Lady is my Miſtreſs.
Quav. I beg to be excus'd for that, Sir.
Coup. Sir!
Quav. Sir!

AIR IX. OF ALL THE SIMPLE, &c.

Coup. *Excuſe me, Sir; Zounds, what d'ye mean?*
I hope you don't give me the Lye.
Quav. *Sir, you miſtake me quite and clean;*
Indeed, good Sir, not I.

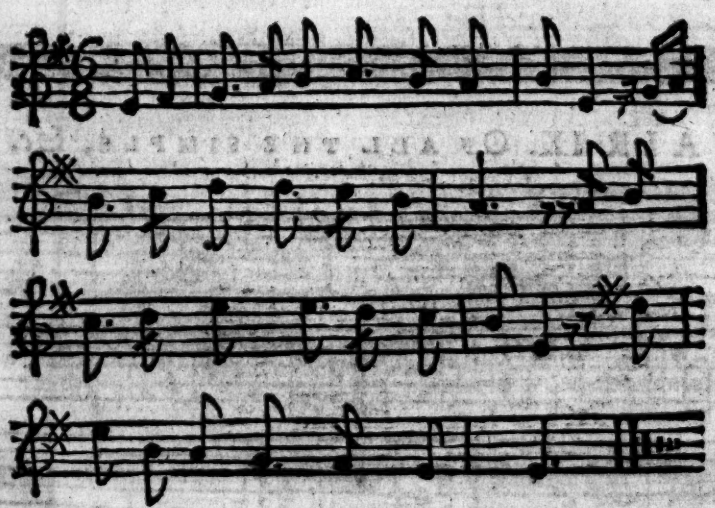
Coup.

Coup. *Zounds, Sir, if you had, I'd been mad,*
But I'm very glad that you don't.
Quav. *Do you challenge me, Sir?*
Coup. *Not I, indeed, Sir.*
Quav. *Indeed, Sir, I'm very glad on't.*

Lucy. Pray, Gentlemen, what's the Matter? I beſeech you ſpeak to me, one of you.

Coup. Have I not Reaſon? Did I not find you in his Arms?

Quav. And have I not Reaſon? Did he not ſay you was his Miſtreſs, to my Face?

AIR X. *MOLLY MOG.*

Lucy. *Did Mortal e'er ſee two ſuch Fools?*
For nothing they're going to fight;
I begin to find Men are but Tools,
And both with a Whiſper I'll bite.

With

With you I am ready to go, Sir,
I'll give t'other Fool a Rebuff: [*To* Coupee.
Stay you but a Fortnight, or ſo, Sir,
I warrant I'll grant you enough. [*To* Quaver.

Quav. Damnation!

Coup. Hell and Confuſion! [*They draw,* Lucy *runs out.*

Enter Bliſter.

Bliſt. For Heaven's ſake, Gentlemen! what's the Matter? I profeſs I am afraid you are both diſorder'd. Pray, Sir, give me leave to feel your Pulſe; I wiſh you are not light-headed.

Coup. What is it to you, Sir, what I am?

Quav. How dare you interfere between Gentlemen, Sirrah?

Coup. I have a great mind to break my Sword about your Head, you Dog!

Quav. I have a great mind to run you thro' the Body, you Raſcal!

Coup. Do you know who we are?

Quav. Ay, ay, do you know whom you have to do with!

Bliſt. Dear Gentlemen, pray Gentlemen. —— I wiſh I had nothing to do with you; I meant no Harm.

Coup. So much the worſe, Sirrah; ſo much the worſe.

Quav. Do you know what it is to anger Gentlemen?

Enter Goodwill.

Good. Heyday! What, are you fencing here, Gentlemen?

Bliſt. Fencing, Quotha? they have almoſt fenced me out of my Senſes, I am ſure.

Coup. I ſhall take another Time.

Quav.

Quav. And ſo ſhall I.

Good. I hope there is no Anger between you. You are nearer Relations than you imagine to each other.——— Mr. *Quaver*, you was ſent out of *England* young; and you, Mr. *Coupee*, have liv'd all your Life-time in *London*; but I aſſure you, you are Couſin-Germans; let me introduce you to each other.

Coup. Dear Couſin *Quaver.*

Quav. Dear Couſin *Coupee.*

Bliſt. It's but a Blow and a Kiſs with theſe Sparks, I find.

Coup. I thought there was ſomething about him I cou'd not hurt.

Good. Here is another Relation too, whom you do not know. This is Mr. *Bliſter*, Son to your Uncle *Bliſter* the Apothecary.

Coup. I hope you will excuſe our Ignorance.

Bliſt. Yes, Couſin, with all my Heart, ſince there is no Harm come on't; but if you will take my Advice, you ſhall both immediately loſe ſome Blood, and I will order each of you a gentle Purge.

Enter Wormwood.

Worm. Your Servant, Couſin *Goodwill!* How do you do, Maſter *Coupee?* How do you do, Maſter *Bliſter?* The Roads are very dirty, but I obey your Summons, you ſee.

Good. Mr. *Quaver*, this is your Couſin *Wormwood*, the Attorney.

Worm. I am very glad to ſee you, Sir. I ſuppoſe by ſo many of our Relations being aſſembled, this is a Family Law-ſuit I am come upon. I ſhall be glad to have my Inſtructions as ſoon as poſſible, for I muſt carry away ſome of your Neighbours Goods with Executions by and by.

Good.

Good. I ſent for you on the Account of no Law-Suit this time. In ſhort, I have reſolv'd to diſpoſe of my Daughter to one of my Relations, if you like her, Couſin *Wormwood*, with 10000 *l*, and you ſhou'd happen to be her Choice ———

Bliſt. That's impoſſible, for ſhe has promis'd me already.

Coup. And me.

Quav. And me.

Worm. How! has ſhe promis'd three of you? Why then, the Two that miſs her, will have very good Actions againſt him that has her.

Good. Her own Choice muſt determine; and if that fall on you, Mr. *Bliſter*, I muſt inſiſt on your leaving off your Trade, and living here with me.

Bliſt. No, Sir, I cannot conſent to leave off my Trade.

Good. Pray, Gentlemen, is not the Requeſt reaſonable?

All. Oh, certainly, certainly.

Coup. Ten thouſand Pounds to an Apothecary, indeed!

Quav. Not leave off his Trade?

Coup. If I had been an Apothecary, I believe I ſhou'd not have made many Words.

Good. I dare ſwear you will not, Couſin, if ſhe ſhou'd make Choice of you.

Coup. There is ſome Difference tho' between us; mine is a genteel Profeſſion, and I ſhall not leave it off on any Account.

Good. I'll be judg'd by Mr. *Quaver* here, who has been abroad and ſeen the World.

Quav. Very reaſonable, very reaſonable ——— This Man, I ſee, has excellent Senſe, and can diſtinguiſh between Arts and Sciences. ———

Good. I am confident it wou'd not be eaſy to prevail on you to continue the ridiculous Art of Teaching People to Sing.

Quav. Ridiculous Art of Teaching to Sing! Do you call Muſick an Art, which is the nobleſt of all Sciences? I thought you a Man of Senſe, but I find——

Coup. And I find too.

Bliſt. And ſo do I.

Worm. Well, it is ſurpriſing that Men ſhou'd be ſuch Fools, that they ſhou'd heſitate at leaving off their Profeſſions for 10000*l.*

Good. Couſin *Wormwood*, you will leave off your Practice, I am ſure.

Worm. Indeed, Sir, but I will not. I hope you don't put me upon a Footing with Fidlers and Dancing-Maſters. No Man need be aſham'd of marrying his Daughter to a Practitioner of the Law. What wou'd you do without Lawyers? Who'd know his own Property?

Bliſt. Or without Phyſicians, who'd know when he was well?

Coup. If it was not for Dancing-Maſters, Men might as well walk upon their Heads, as their Heels.

Quav. And if it was not for Singing-Maſters, they might as well have been all born dumb.

Good, Ha! Confuſion! What do I ſee! my Daughter in the Hands of that Fellow!

Enter Lucy *and Mr.* Thomas.

Lucy. Pray, Papa, give me your Bleſſing, I hope you won't be angry with me, but I am marry'd to Mr. *Thomas.*

Good. Oh *Lucy*, *Lucy!* Is this the Return you make to my Fatherly Fondneſs?

Lucy. Dear Papa, forgive me, I won't do ſo any more.——Indeed I ſhould have been perjured, if I had not had him.——And I had not had him neither, but that he met me when I was frighten'd, and did not know what I did.

Good.

Good. To marry a Footman?

Tho. Why look ye, Sir, I am a Footman, 'tis true, but I have good Acquaintance in Life. I have kept very good Company at the Hazard-Table; and when I have other Cloaths on, and Money in my Pocket, they will be very glad to ſee me again.

Worm. Hark ye, Mr. *Goodwill*, your Daughter is an Heireſs. I'll put you in a way to proſecute this Fellow.

Bliſt. Did not you promiſe me, Madam?

Coup. Ay, did you not promiſe me, Madam?

Quav. And me too?

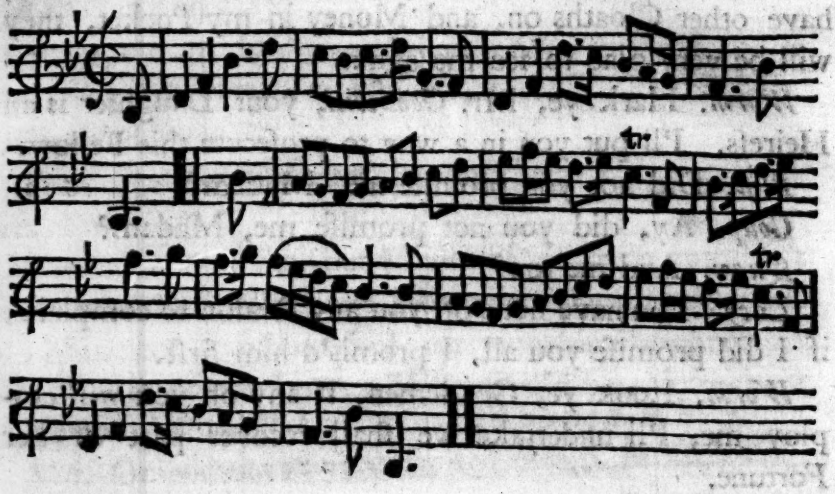
Lucy. You have none of you any Reaſon to complain; if I did promiſe you all, I promis'd him firſt.

Worm. Look ye, Gentlemen, if any of you will employ me, I'll undertake we ſhall recover part of her Fortune.

Quav. If you had given your Daughter a good Education, and let her learnt Muſick, it wou'd have put ſofter things into her Head.

Bliſt. This comes of your Contempt of Phyſick. If ſhe had been kept in a Diet, with a little gentle Bleeding, and Purging, and Vomiting, and Bliſtering, this had never happen'd.

Worm. You ſhou'd have ſent her to town a Term or two, and taken Lodgings for her near the *Temple*, that ſhe might have converſed with the young Gentlemen of the Law, and ſeen the World.

AIR XI. BUSH OF BOON.

Lucy. *Oh dear Papa! don't look ſo grum;*
Forgive me, and be good:
For tho' he's not ſo great as ſome,
He ſtill is Fleſh and Blood.
What tho' he's not ſo fine as Beaus,
In Gold and Silver gay;
Yet he, perhaps, without their Cloaths,
May have more Charms than they.

Tho. Your Daughter has marry'd a Man of ſome Learning, and one who has ſeen a little of the World, and who by his Love to her, and Obedience to you, will try to deſerve your Favours. As for my having worn a Livery, let not that grieve you; as I have liv'd in a great Family, I have ſeen that no one is reſpected for what he is, but for what he has; the World pays no Regard at preſent to any thing but Money, and if my own Induſtry ſhou'd add to your Fortune, ſo as to en-

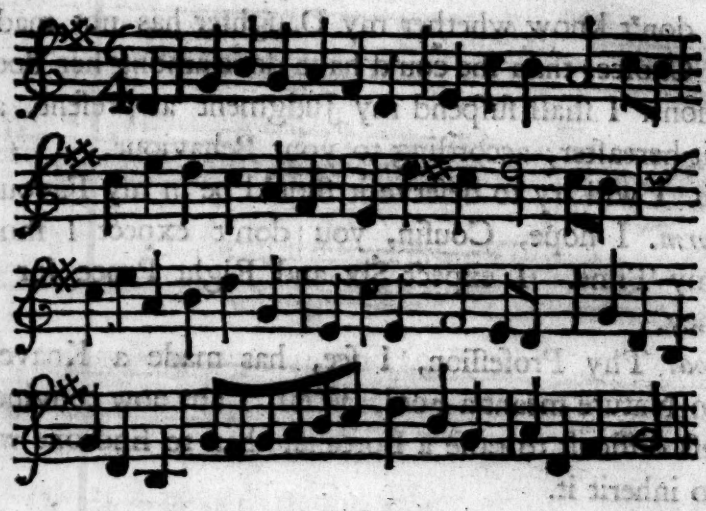
title any of my Poſterity to Grandeur, it will be no Reaſon againſt making my Son, or Grandſon, a Lord, that his Father, or Grandfather, was a Footman.

Good. Ha! thou talk'ſt like a pretty ſenſible Fellow, and I don't know whether my Daughter has not made a better Choice, than ſhe cou'd have done among her Booby Relations. I ſhall ſuſpend my Judgment at preſent, and paſs it hereafter, according to your Behaviour.

Tho. I will try to deſerve it ſhou'd be in my Favour.

Worm. I hope, Couſin, you don't expect I ſhou'd loſe my Time. I expect Six and Eight Pence for my Journey.

Good. Thy Profeſſion, I ſee, has made a Knave of whom Nature meant a Fool. Well, I am now convinc'd, 'tis leſs difficult to raiſe a Fortune, than to find one worthy to inherit it.

AIR XII. The *YORKSHIRE* BALLAD.

BLISTER.

Had your Daughter been phyſick'd well, Sir, as ſhe ought,
With Bleeding, and Bliſt'ring, and Vomit, and Draught,
This Footman had never been once in her Thought,
With his Down, down, *&c.*

COUPEE.

Had pretty Miſs been at a Dancing-School bred,
Had her Feet but been taught the right Manner to tread,
Gad's Curſe! 'twould have put better things in her Head,
Than his Down, down, *&c.*

QUAVER.

Had ſhe learnt, like fine Ladies, inſtead of her Prayers,
To languiſh and die at Italian *ſoft Airs,*
A Footman had never thus tickled her Ears,
With his Down, down, *&c.*

LUCY,

LUCY.

You may Phyſick, and Muſick, and Dancing enhance,
In One I have got them all Three by good Chance,
My Doctor he'll be, and he'll teach me to Dance,
With his Down, down, *&c.*

And though ſoft Italians *the Ladies controul,*
He ſwears he can charm a fine Lady, by Gole!
More than an Italian *can do for his Soul,*
With a Down, down, *&c.*

My Fate then, Spectators, hangs on your Decree,
I have brought kind Papa here, at laſt, to agree;
If you'll pardon the Poet, he will pardon me,
With my Down, down, *&c.*

Let not a poor Farce then nice Criticks purſue,
But like honeſt-hearted good-natur'd Men do,
And clap to pleaſe us, who have ſweat to pleaſe you,
With our Down, down, *&c.*

CHORUS.

Let not a poor Farce then, &c.

FINIS.